Tomorrow the Vernal Equinox

TOMORROW a. m. the sun "crosses the line," i. e. comes up over the equator from the south, and spring, or vernal equinox, beginning of astronomical spring, is with us. Almanac spring began 3 weeks ago.



Magazine Page





This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the death, in 1727, of Sir Isaac Newton, English scientist, who demonstrated the law of gravitation, thereby putting to his credit the greatest discovery ever made by man in science.

Robert W. Chambers' Charming JAPONETTE

WHAT HAS HAPPENED THUS FAR

Illustrated Charles Dana Gibson

A Delightfully Refreshing Story of Love and a Woman's Way With a Man.

By Robert W. Chambers, † Author of the Fighting Chance; The Maid at Arms; Maids of Paradise; The Dark Star and Other Sto-ries of International Fame.

66B ILLY, if you continue to insist, you will and by seriously offending me. You have annoyed me enough already."

"By asking you to set a definite date for our impending marriage?" "It is not impending!" she retorted, exasperated, as Diana and Wallace came out together and walked toward the farther end of the terrace.

"Do you refuse to marry me?" "Yes, I do; I am sorry. I really cannot help how you feel about It. This year of liberty has been a year of happiness. I don't wish to marry. I don't know when I may wish to. I am perfectly contented; and that's the truth, Billy."

"So-you refuse me?" "For the present-yes."

"No; you must answer me for all time, tonight."

She nodded. "Very well, then; I refuse definitely—and for all time. . . And, Billy Inwood, you have brought this calamity upon yourself."

Short-lived Anger. But Lillian's anger was always short-lived; she was already sorry for him. Besides, she was convinced that he would continue to dangle. It had been her expe-Hence with men that they were never reconciled to the unob-

So with one of her swift, smiling changes of feeling she held out her hand to Inwood. He

"Are you angry?" she asked.

"Do we part-friends?" "We do, indeed," he said so sincerely that the smile faded on

her face, and into her limited

mind flickered a momentary doubt. But, no, it was not possible; for Lilian had never really been able to doubt herself. He accompanied her to the door and bowed her in.

Then the strength seemed to come out of his back and legs; he dropped on to the marble bench, and sat there in the moonlight, his face buried in his hands.

How long he had been there he did not know, when a light touch and a soft voice close to his ear aroused him and, looking up he saw Diana inspecting him.

"As dejected as all that, Mr. Inwood?" she asked, as he rose to

his feet. "Not dejected, Miss Tennant." "Why, then this attitude?

Wherefore those woe; young sir?" "Don't know," he said listlessly. "I'm going to the house?" she said. "There's an arbor across the garden. If you'll wait for me there, perhaps I'll return. Will

you?" "Certainly," he said.

So she turned and sped away among the roses, and he stood and watched her until she crossed the terrace and vanished into the

As he entered the arbor, a white figure, lying full length on a swinging seat, lifted its head from its arms, then sat up hastily.

"Is that you, Miss Rivett?" "Yes." . . She rose to her feet, holding to one of the swing-

ing chains. Moonlight fell across her white, confused face. "May I remain?" he asked unsteadily. "Would you rather have

me go?" "No. . . I am going. . . . My gown is damp. . . I will

go immediately." "Were you asleep?"

Rhyming

Optimist

By Aline Michaelis.

No Brains.

Smith joys, slack; to cross the track ahead of railroad trains. Would he but wait, the local freight could in six minutes pass;

"Speed, more speed!"

Smith's one creed, so—heavy on the gas! His journey ends and all his friends, arrayed in solemn weeds, with dismal tones and

sounding groans recount his worthy deeds. And yet, I wist he might have missed the dirge's dire refrains and frolicked here for

many a year had he but used his brains. Jane speaks of germs in

harshest terms and swats them with a will; she needs must burn half she can to ward off win-

half she can to ward off win-ter's chill. Her home is brick,

some two feet thick, with tile and

kalsomine, so no rude blast, can e'er get past to creep along her

But through the rain this same

bright Jane fur-muffed blithely goes; in satin pumps she gayly jumps through ice and slee: and snows. We wonder why she doesn't

die of sundry aches and pains, but

only know this much is so-she

hasn't any brains.

where people use no brains.

She hesitated; but there was in her only honesty. She shook her head.

DO YOU KNOW THAT--

After the elephant, the common hippopotamus is the argest of land animals, fine specimens weighing from four to five ten

The custom of drinking "toasts" is derived from the ancient re-

Cape Horn was so named by the Dutch navigator who discovered it, in 1616, and called it Cape Hoorn, after his native birthplace.

The harp is believed to have originated from the hunting mow,



Newbro's Herpicide

will give your hair the life, luster and beauty you so much desire. The cost is small and the results are definite.

Begin the use of Newbro's Herpicide today and have long lustrous beautiful tresses.



James Edgerton, 8d, of an old and aristocratic New York family, returns to New York from abroad on hearing that the firm founded by his forebears has failed. He pays dollar for dollar and finds himself left with an inherited apartment luxuriously furnished, which an iron-clad will has entailed. With two dollars in his pockets he finds the apartment occupied by two charming young women, distant cousins, Diana and Silvette Tennant, who are as poor

OUR EVENING STARS

A GALAXY OF SPLENDID OBJECTS IN JUNE

as he is and have advertised as society entertainers. They ask him to let them stay till they get a position. Edgerton insists that they remain, and makes up his mind to look after them. A Mr. Rivett calls with Colonel Curmew to see if they will come to his home as guests and instruct his family in the ways of society. Rivett expresses his satisfaction with the young ladies. Diana and silvette play cards for stakes, but Edgerton does not.

Now Go on With the Story

garden.

Would you mind remaining here

"My gown is damp with dew." "Then perhaps we had better

"I think so." Neither stirred.

Helping Both of Them.

"Miss Rivett," he said, "am I too much of a fool-too hopeless a thing for you to listen to?" "What do you mean %" she said faintly.

"I mean that-this night, now, for the first time since I knew you -I can use, decently, honorally, whatever liberty of speech you ler-

Presently her white hand relaxed, the chain slipped through her fingers; she sank down on the swinging seat. After a moment he stepped

toward her. She raised her head in the moonlight, and he saw the tears in her eyes. "Christine," he said under his

breath. "Are we free to speak to each other?" she faltered.

"Thank God, yes!" "Thank God," she whispered.

But for a long, long while they did not use the inestimable privilege of free, articulate speech. There seemed to be no need of it further than apparently irrelevant

exactly opposite to the sun in the sky and not much more than forty million miles from the earth. He

will glow with a golden-red light about sixteen times as bright as a

standard first magnitude star and

brighter even than Jupiter, whose rays of pale gold will make a strik-

ing contrast with the flery appear-

At the same time Saturn, a little

strange splendor of his rings

brighter than a first megnitude star, will hide for the naked eye

under a leadenish glimmer that lacks the sparkle of starlight. But

the possesor of a telescope he will

be, perhaps, even more interesting

On the same date Venus st.

though she will set before Mars

reaches the meridian, will gleam

in the sunset sky with a luminos-

ity four times greater than that

Thus it is seen that the coming

summer will witness a very inter-

esting array of great "evening stars." It will be an excellent time

to make acquaintance with the

beauties and wonders of the heav-

ens when they are most attrac-tively displayed. The star fields

over which these planets are pur-

has ever given me came from

day. He told a man I respect and

his voice, though there was a sn'le

I wish I could reach across space

to every mother of every daughter

in this land with all the glory of

What finer crown for a mother han a life so beautiful that noth

ing can crown her daughter's life

in turn like the knowledge that

she is forming into the image of her mother's beautiful character?

Oh, mothers! How dare you be petty or weak or selfish or crue! in

the pursuit of your own desire-

when the young generation which comes after you is waiting to form

itself upon the model you set be-fore it? Will you miss the tender

tribute of a woman who knows

nothing more glorious can be said of her than that she is in truth

Can anything more perfect be

assured you than the earthly immortality of another woman who

longs to be so good and true and strong and fine and loyal because

you were all these things and be-

cause her eyes are accustomed to

your own daughter?

those words.

in his eyes) that I was growing

more like my mother every day.

of a first-magnitude star.

ance of the light of Mars.

fragments such as, "My darling!" and. "Oh. Billy, if you only knew!" Far away beyond them Diana came out on the terrace with young Wallace, and gazed very earnestly down at the rose

"Shall we walk there?" he said persuasively.

Suddenly Diana's face sparkled. "Oh, dear," said Diana, "there's somebody down there alreadytwo of them! And-it looks to me as though they were spooning. What a world this is, Mr. Wallace! I think I'd better go in and play bottle pool." That night she wrote to Edger-

"Dear Jim: You have not an swered my letter-but men were made to pardon.

Somehow-and I don't quite know how-that wretched and melancholy Inwood man, fortified by a gentle push from me, contrived to get up sufficient momentum to carry my little Christine by assault. The darling has just been in here to whisper her happiness to me. We wept together, which is our feminine fashion of uttering three cheers. Many Good Reasons.

"There is, of course, papa to inform. I don't envy Christine. Papa has a will of his own, but so has his infant daughter.

INTERESTING STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

-By Ann Lisle-

(Copyright, 1922, King Pentures Syndi-6677 HIS must be the wrong

room!" I gasped, starting
back over the threshold
of the empty place in which I had
expected to find Dad Lee lying
bandaged and bruised in the bed where we'd left him the night be-"It's the right room-all rightie!"

said Carlotta with a note of cymic ism. "It's Rogers' little den-just as the Stafford boy said." "May I go in ahead of you, Mrs.

requested Lyens respectfully.

At my nod he walked into the room and I followed as he crossed to the windows Looking down he shook his head, and I started buck from the sheer descent of brick court the window exposed to view. Then he crossed and flung open al the doors. The closets held trim suits of tweed and serge-a young man's wardrobe.

"Now what shall we do?" I asked hopelessly, burning to escape from Mr. Rogers' room without encountering the gentleman

"March right down to the desa" urged Carlotta, "and ask for Mr. Lee. We'll put up some sort of bluff about not knowing which room he's been changed to. Perhaps you might even try inter-viewing your friend, Mr. Rogers I'm sure we can carry this off with a high hand."

"We've nothing to do but try," I said. "And there's no special danger about walking up to the desk of a hotel, so there's equally no reason why you should delay starting off on your long drive to meet Mr. Norreys, Lyons. But be fore you go I want a word with "Before Mrs. Harrison has that

word, I'd like to shake hands with you," broke in Carlotta. "And if ever Mr. Norreys stops driving a car or takes to driving his own. I want you to know that I'd go as far as buying an automobile just to keep you in the family."

Cariotta crimsoned at her own words, Lyons, no doubt, took them for a final proof of earnestness. I knew how her own phrase "in the family" had tantalized her with its daring suggestion. As Lyons put out his big. long-fingered, sensitive hand and took the hand Carlotta was offering him, I noticed the almost reverent way he bowed his head to acknowledge the honor he felt she was doing him.

"I'd rather see you two ladies through, if I'm allowed," he said 'Mr. Norreys would excuse me for being half a day late, but he wouldn't excuse me for letting go of this thing 'till I've seen how they treat you down to the desk. And as I ain't able to tell you what it means—your shaking hands with me and treating me this way-I won't try.'

There was something of stub-bornness in his tone—something that told me he didn't intend to depart until he'd seen us safely on our way somewhere out of this very Dick West-esque environment. I'd seen examples of Lyons's dogged and dog-like gratitude before this, so I didn't try to reject the service he'd

With Lyons following us at a respectful distance, but in our en-ourage, nevertheless, we stepped out of the elevator into the and I marched up to the deak to put the question which would set me at rest regarding Dad Lee.
"Will you please give me Mr.
Lucius L. Lee's room number?" I asked of the strange boy at the

"I don't know it," he replied.
"You, might look it up," I sug-"Can't," he answered laconic-

ally.
"Then may I speak to someone who can—Mr. Rogers, for instance?"

here can tell you anything about Mr. Lee," replied the new clerk with a pat glibness that was parrot-like. "Mr. Stafford?" I suggested at

name." he barked.
"Won't you see if you can find
Mr. Rogers?" I asked. "I have a particular interest in Mr. Lee. I

I replied with what patience I could command.
"He does!" Surliness gave way

"It is Mrs. Harrison, and I'd recommend better manners to you, young man, if you wish to keep your position," I returned

it made him so loquacious.

"Well, I'm in no danger of losing my job, let me tell you. I'm
Mr. Harry Rogers, jr., and the
gentleman you wish to see happens to be my father. And what is more he happens to be out seeing your father off on a train. So it won't pay you to hang.

To Be Continued Tuesday.)

Written in His Best Vein by One of the **Greatest Living Masters** of Fiction.

"Scott's a nice boy. You'd like him; he's a terrible tease. It seems that he's ready a dead wing shot, and has just been jollying me all this time. I really enjoy him, which is more than I can say for the remainder of the sporting fraternity now investing

They seem to be Wall Street men when occupied at all, and all bertay a very healthy respect for Mr. Rivett. People say he is a factor to be reckoned with in New York; but I don't care. He's nice to me, and his wife is adorable. As for Christine, I dearly love her, Jim. No girl is more fitted for happiness, and I'm glad she's got her Inwood boy at

"And now, Jim dear, there are two matters which very sorely perplex me; and, somehow, I turn to you to help me solve them . . . No, only one of them, because I shall not bother about the other matter yet.

"But about the matter which is really nearer my heart, Jim-we must leave this pace; and the reason is this: "Jack Rivett is making himself miserable over Sil-"Silvette doesn't love him; at

least, I don't think she does. She couldn't do it honorably, anyway. She told me so, and I quite see it. because she and I are employed here under the Rivetts' roof. practically in a position of trust, and dedicated to their service. Not a Bit Loyal.

"It is not a loyal thing to permit the son of the house to lose his head, and Silvette tries so hard not to let him. But he's doing it, and she can't keep him from being nice to her; and she and I know perfectly well what his father's plans for him are, and that they include a fashionable marriage.

"Of course, that argues well fo Christine. The Innwoods are fashable people, are they not? But poor Silvie! Alas! her connection with your race isn't near enough to impress Jack's father: besides, Silvette doesn't love him, and the boy is in a bad way all around.

"Now, what ought we to do? If we offer to sever social and business relations with Mr. Rivett he will ask why we do it.

"Shall we tell him? Is that square to poor Jack? Or shall we lie? Or shall we simply remain and let Jack suffer and make Silvie miserable? "Oh, wise young sir, inform a

suppliant at your knee!

There is nothing more to tell you about, except that your progress makes me very happy. You are doing only what you would ultimately have done without any impudent advice from me. You have found yourself, Jim; you are climbing the rungs very quickly.

Too Late for That. "Jim, I am not yet very old-but

might easily be younger. . . . I was thinking the other dayand tonight—that sometime I shall be too old and unattractive to practice this not very dignified profession, and I'm disinclined to do anything more strenuous. I don't want to struggle and grub and starve along respectably as a feminine physician. It's too late for that, anyway.

"So I don't know what to do, ultimately, unless I accomplish what I started out to do-marry a wealthy man. I mean the first agreeable one I encounter.

"Well, I won't bother with that problem tonight; my head aches a little. Good night, Jim.

"JAPONETTE." (To be Continued Monday.)

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Why You Pay Postage

and as a result today every one who sends a letter takes it for

granted that he must pay for its

delivery in advance.

N the old days, long before of a letter to pay the postage. The way in which this came to be altered is curious. A young man in London fell violently in love with a girl who lived a short distance from the metropolis, relates Everyday Science. But the attentions of the ardent lover were not desired, and the maiden had no wish to receive letters from him, much less to pay for them. After a few had been accepted—and, of course, paid for—the girl informed the postman that she would not receive any more. This thing set the postman thinking, and as a result he made a suggestion to the au-thorities. This was that it would save a lot of trouble if 'he sender of a letter was made 'o pay the postage. So the idea was adopted,

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN -By Beatrice Fairfax-

AWorthelss Suitor. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I have been going about with

a man for two years. He always said he loved me and I loved him. My parents also liked him. Now they are dead and he has told me his family objects to his marrying me because I am poor.

THE man for whom you're mourning isn't worth another thought, my dear. He was either a weakling who hadn't enough strength and courage to make a fight for you, or a mercenary creature who was easily per-suaded to look for a richer wife than you. I'm sure you are a fine. sweet girl worthy of a true devotion. The man who failed you when you needed him so would have made you miserable once you had entrusted your life's happiness to him. Try to believe that you are well rid of him and that you will meet with a kinder fate than becoming his wife.

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Appeal strongly to the healthy appetites created by vigorous exercise in the open air. They are the most satisfactory of all the food drinks, as they have a most delicious flavor and aroma and are nutritious and wholesome.

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suing their stately march are in themselves of the highest interest. A GREAT COMPLIMENT

GROW MORE LIKE MOTHER EVERY DAY -By Beatrice Fairfax-

who had no science to guide their imagination. but still too close to the direction of the sun and too far away beyond the sun to attract attention. But she will brighten and withdraw from the sun's neighborhood.

sistent cough or cold is fastened season of the year it may lead to seri-Your doctor would tell you that the sooth

ous results. ing, healing

The value of Father John's Medicine has been proven by more than sixty-five years of success. It soothes and heals the breathing passages and, because of the nour-ishing food elements it contains,

HE most beautiful tribute life + the glory of what you have shown

beautiful example of a noble mother's life? Will you shame her memory by failing the high example she set you? Will you break her heart by departing from the noble traditions she has re-

daughter. Two women-one young on the threshold of life-one with experience and suffering and her fight lying for the most part be hind her and both bound together by the wonderful tie of motherhood. This is what mother and daughter are. Not tyrant and slave—not teacher and pupil, but two women of one blood—with the older to guide and inspire and the younger to carry on what the

I feel sure nothing can more beautifully repay the woman slipping on toward the horizon of our earthly life than the knowledge that she has builded well and that her child is proud indeed to be hers and like her.

The mother whose daughter foe-

not thrill with joy when told that she is like the woman who coore her has failed. The daughter who cannot ache with happiness when told she is like her mother has missed one of the most perfect things that can come down to her Reverence the mother who has given you life, is the word I want to say to the girls of today. Bu more tenderly, more eagerly till. I ask the mothers if they will

forego the tribute of a daughter's tears at the thought:

vealed to you in her own life?

"I am growing more like my mother every day."

older has well begun. I think nothing can so ennoble a young woman as to feel that she is becoming daily more worthy of her heritage from her mother.

There is a nobility in the heritage of race. Not in family pride, not in snobbery, not in riches-but in fine traditions and beautiful character is the greatest inherit-ance laid up for parent to pass on to child.

"Mr. Rogers ain't in. Nobody "Don't know anyone by that

'What's he to you?" grumbled the new clerk.
"He happens to be my father,"

to a slight show of interest.
"And what might happen to be your name?"

any longer. See?"

Nervous and Dizzy, Everything Seemed to Worry Me. How I Got Well summer and autumn will be a superb object. Larwill, Indiana.— 'My back was so bad I could not do my washing. I out and had no ambition, was neryous and dizzy GET THE BETTER OF YOU vous and dizzy me and I had awful pains in my right side. I felt badly about four years and could

not do my work as it should have Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised so much and it did so many people good that I began to take it myself. I am feeling fine now and everyone tells me they never saw me looking so well. I live on a farm, do all my work, and have three little girls to take care of. I am recommending this medicine to my friends and know it will help them if they use it like I do."— Mrs. HERBERT LONG, R. R. 3, Box 7, Larwill, Indiana. Many women keep about their work when it is a great effort. They are always tired out and have no ambition. When you are in this condition been done. I saw

-By Garrett P. Serviss-Noted Astronomer and Writer on Subjects of Scientific Interest. "Why is it that the plenets and Saturn are now playing that role, rising in the east about 10 p. m., and Mars will join them by Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, Mars rising before midnight in the course of this month. On the 10th of June Mars will be

never are 'morning' or 'evening' stars?—Mrs. F., Saginaw, Mich." ROPERLY speaking, an "evering star" is a planet which rises, or is in view before midnight, and a "morning star"

is one that does not rise until after midnight, i. e., cannot be seen during the first, or evering. half of the night. But popularly, the respective terms are applid a'most exclusively to Venus and Mercury, and especially to the former, because those two planets never recede to a vry great distance from the sun, and n visible. hour or two before

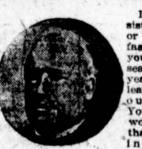
after sunset, so that they seem to have a special association with the coming or departing sun, and with the twilight or the dawn. The reason why Venus and Mercury thus keep near the sun is. of course, that their orbits lie far within the orbit of the earth, while

all the other planets travel in orbits lying far outside of the earth's pressed with the apparent connectings of the sun and the appearance of the morning and evening stars, particularly Venus, which is so much brighter and more entity seen than Mercury. As evening star Venus was calld "Hesperus" and as morning star "Phosphorus." With the evening star was con-nected the legend of the islands of the "Hesperides," which, with their gardens of golden apples were imagined to lie far away to

ward the west, deep under the sur-Phosphorus was mythologica'ly identical with "Lucifer, son of the morning," and when Venus in her utmost splendor plays that claracter today, one can still feel some-thing of the awe which that bright light, shining like a mysterious lantern in the dark hour before the dawn, inspired among watchers

Venus is now an evening star. month by month, and during the

With regard to the other planets as "evening stars," both Jupiter



Father John's Medicine are exactly what he would prescribe for such a

THIS EASTER MAKE GOOD THAT PROMISE OF PHOTOGRAPHS tion. When you are in this condition give it prompt attention.

Take Lydis E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for it is especially adapted to correct such troubles.

Oh, daughters! Will you fail the

One of the most beautiful ele-

tartly.
"Oh, would you?" he flared,
and a moment later I was blessing the wrath I'd kindled, since